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# The Song of The Wind and Other Poems

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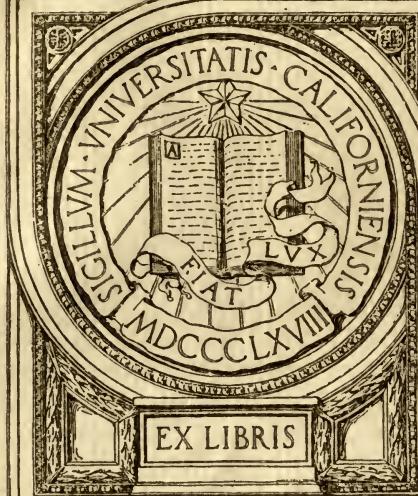
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GIFT OF

Edna Poppe Cooper.



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ROBERT A. POPPE  
ATTORNEY AT LAW  
SONOMA, CALIF.

Mr. Joseph C  
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Dear Joe:

Yours etc

Edna Poppe  
brother, chairman

I have a  
of the Wind a  
thing to send  
it bound in a  
to you with my



# The Song of The Wind and Other Poems



By Edna Poppe Cooper



Petaluma;  
Northern Crown  Publishing Co.  
1915

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*Gift of  
an old*

30. MARCH  
1915

To My Mother Caroline H. Poppe,  
This book is lovingly Dedicated



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The Wind blows out your tangled hair,  
Like the bannered clouds of an afternoon,  
And the siren-song from your lips so rare  
Like the drone of bees to the rose of June  
Comes over my soul, like a spell of peace  
From the dream-walled cities, of ancient Greece  
That cometh late—and goes too soon.

D. W. R.

Sincerely yours  
Edua Coppe Cooper



Edna Poppe Cooper

THE SONG OF THE WIND AND OTHER POEMS

**The Song of The Wind**



T dawn, a cool, caressing wind,  
From Heaven's bluest sky,  
Comes earthward in a truant flight  
On beds of flowers to lie.

A mild and murmuring maiden wind,  
A pure and perfume-laden wind,  
A cooing wind—a wooing wind—  
The love-lass of the sky.

At night, a purling phantom wind,  
Astir amid the trees,  
Murmurs the soul's impassioned joys,  
And myriad mysteries.  
We faintly catch the sound of wings—  
The soft, elusive voice that sings—  
The wind a'gleam---the wind a'dream—  
A phantom of the sky.

Sometimes with dread destruction fraught,  
It flings defiance high  
And man-made monuments are naught—  
It sweeps them madly by.  
A groaning and lamenting wind—  
A cruel and unrelenting wind—  
A swelling wind--a yelling wind—  
The vandal of the sky.

It mutters in the storm cloud near—  
And murmurs to the rose—  
It makes the forest quake with fear,  
And lulls it to repose.  
It agitates Old Ocean's breast—  
Then bids it quiet lie—  
It lingers low and scales the crest—  
The harlequin of the sky.

## THE SONG OF THE WIND AND OTHER POEMS

It bears the rain upon its wings,  
Wrapped in a misty veil—  
It soars the sea and softly sings  
Unto the silvered sail.

It soothes the saddest soul to sleep,  
And wafts a prayerful sigh,  
It has a loving watch to keep,  
The priestess of the sky.

The fragrant breath of early Spring,  
The Summer's song and sigh,  
The Fall's pathetic whispering,  
The Winters wailing cry.  
A wind of dawn and noontide bright—  
A wind that haunts the silent night—  
A wind that calls the soul to flight,  
The spirit of the sky.



### **Gifts**

---

**A**LL of these things Life has given to me:  
Her duties to seek and her beauties  
to see,  
Dawn and the sunrise, the daytime  
at hand,  
Patience and powers that daily expand,  
Bird notes and wind songs and meadows of flowers,  
Child-laughter gilding the lingering hours,  
Shadows and sunset, the dusk and the night,  
A fire in the hearth place and lamps all alight,  
Star-spaces above, for the far seeing eye,  
And all of the radiant life of the sky,  
Sweet peace and deep slumber, the dreams that  
may be—  
All of these things Life has given to me.

## Resonance



LAID my violin upon the window  
ledge  
Where all the summer sounds could  
touch its strings—

The breezes stealing from the woodland's edge,  
The separate strains each winged songster  
sings;

I bade it tell how, in the mother-tree,  
It lay and drank the sunshine and the dew;  
And voice one measure of the symphony  
That it could hear beneath the fadeless blue—  
The liquid laughter hidden in the brook—  
The wind that stirs the harp-strings of the  
pines—

Melodic woodland notes that never book  
Could give to man to read in written lines,  
Could I persuade its soul to hear for me  
The plaintive murmur of the night-wind's voice,  
The dusk-doves tender flood of melody,  
The love-note from the lady of his choice?  
I laid my violin upon the window ledge,  
As night came on with slow, unfaltering tread.  
Perhaps, the constant stars more patiently  
Could point the way my yearning visions sped.  
A while, it seemed too weary and too worn  
To lift its tonal spirit to the sky—  
To hear the songs it heard 'ere I was born,  
So mute, so mystified it seemed to lie—  
And then it stirred—Oh, for the master hand!  
To touch the strings and cause the harmony  
That all at once it seemed to understand—  
Vibrating through and through with melody.

THE SONG OF THE WIND AND OTHER POEMS

**Lupines**

---



DAY DAWNS," says the clock in the tower,  
But somehow its accent annoys,  
For the slumbering city awakens  
To hurry and bustle and noise;  
Then a breath, as of long ago blossoms,  
A wafture from meadows abloom,  
Comes in, with the touch of the sunlight,  
To this white-walled and silent old room;  
And I dream of the country and flowers  
I knew when a light hearted lass---  
Would they know my once soft winging  
footsteps,  
If now they should wearily pass?  
It was long, long ago, I remember,  
In the days of a childhood that's fled,  
When I wandered through soft, verdant meadows,  
Drawn on by a vision ahead,  
Till I stood 'neath the blue of the Heavens,  
And the earth was all blue at my feet,  
With the billows and billows of lupines,  
Bewilderingly fragrant and sweet.  
Enraptured, I stood 'midst their beauty---  
It seem'd that the earth and sky  
Were mellow with sunshine, while flowers  
Bloom'd never to wither or die.  
  
Forever the clock in the tower  
Resounds midst the hum of the street---  
I am weary of voices and people  
And the tread of the hurrying feet.  
For somewhere, a hill touches heaven,  
I know, could I break every chain,  
I would go to the country of flowers  
And stand midst the lupines again.

THE SONG OF THE WIND AND OTHER POEMS

## Night Thoughts



ALM reigns the night; I sit with  
thoughts alone;  
Wind-voices thrill me and star-faces  
gaze

From the high heavens on my earthliness,  
Moths flit on fragile wings; and from the haze  
Of yonder woodland comes, a night-bird's call,  
Whilst whispering fragrance from a flower's soul  
Drifts to my dreams; O wonder of it all!  
Hold hard my mightier mind; Divine control  
Entice my yearnings from departed years;  
Full well I know but shattered hopes are there---  
Give me a compensation for my tears;  
Great beauty of the night! Move me to prayer.



## How The Dawn Came



HE summer dawn came in today,  
In just the softest kind of way,  
It seemed to me it hardly stirred  
A blade of grass, a leaf, a bird.

It sweetly 'woke the slumbering night,  
And touched the east with tender light,  
Tiptoeing softly where I lay  
The summer dawn came in to day.

THE SONG OF THE WIND AND OTHER POEMS

## Harbingers



HEARD a spring-bird sing today,  
While coming down the lane;  
It sang, in just the sweetest way,  
An old familiar strain;

And all my soul went forth to meet,  
The song filled days again.

Today I saw a wild; white flower,  
A happy little thing;  
It graced a green and golden bower—  
Sweet herald of the Spring.  
How all my spirit sped to greet,  
The time of blossoming.

I saw an azure glimpse of sky,  
Where leaden clouds had been;  
And fragrant breezes, whispering by,  
So thrilled my heart within,  
I knew the stormy days must pass—  
The sunny days begin.



## A Drifting Cloud



OW many things a drifting cloud  
can be:  
At first, a sail upon horizon's sea;  
And then, behold, a great bird fly-  
ing west!

I look again—the bird has come to be  
A fleet of ships that sail majestic'ly,  
And seek an anchorage o'er the mountain's  
crest;  
And then, behold, from out the sunset sea,  
A maiden's smiling face looks down on me—  
How many things a drifting cloud can be.

THE SONG OF THE WIND AND OTHER POEMS

**Love Petals**



HERE are little wild breezes that  
blow o'er the fields  
In tremulous waves of delight;  
And they scatter the petals of each  
flower that yields,  
To their wooings by day or by night.  
But one little flower, I once chanced to meet,  
Alone seemed contented to grow;  
For she said, "I will give not my petals so sweet,  
To any wild breezes that blow!"  
How the little winds sang as they roamed o'er  
the field  
In search of fair flowers, and knew  
In clover the blossoms their petals would yield—  
As pink and white peach blossoms do.  
And one summer night when the bright stars  
came out,  
As they wandered at will through the bowers,  
Inhaling the fragrance with festive delight  
From a bevy of bright blushing flowers.  
A light sighing breeze, this fair flower espied,  
And wooed her with breaths of delight;  
And she modestly blushed as he sang by her  
side  
In the hush of the sweet summer night.  
And it chanced, when at dawn, as I passed on  
my way,  
This most modest flower I found;  
And around her, the dawn's joyous breezes  
held sway;  
For her petals lay thick on the ground.  
Ah, I whispered, I see that your love came at  
last!  
And your golden heart open must lie;  
Each flower in time, will its soft petals cast  
To some wandering wind of the sky.

THE SONG OF THE WIND AND OTHER POEMS

## The Voice of an Old Violin

---



N the late afternoon near a homestead,  
A remnant of years long ago,  
We stood with our thoughts and our  
fancies

Till faded the sunset's last glow.  
And lingering there, heard in the shadows  
A melody throbbing within—  
It spoke in the glimmering silence—  
The voice of an old violin.

### II

And bearded and gray, was the player,  
In the musty and dusty old room,  
But with fervor and faith unforgotten,  
He played in the gathering gloom.  
Though threadbare the tune he was playing,  
It thrilled with the days that had been;  
Responsive, our heartstrings vibrated  
To the voice of the old violin.

### III

We entered, and quaint was the dwelling,  
In the lavender-scented old room.  
We gazed at each heart-sacred relic,  
As twilight sped on with its gloom.  
Then he played, and we knew as we listened—  
The heart of the player within,  
With the years had grown purer and sweeter  
Like the tone of his old violin.

### IV.

We left, and the melody quivering,  
Still clung to the sweet evening air;  
And it sounded, we thought, as we listened,  
Like the voice of the Angels at prayer.  
We were still, for the dream and the visions  
Of a long ago crowded within;  
It had spoken a soul's sacred sorrow—  
The voice of the old violin.

## The Poplars



YESTER-NIGHT, the poplars tall,  
All trance-like stood beneath the  
    moon;  
To-night a siren wind, whose call  
Their silent spirits would enthrall,  
Breaks softly on the calm of night,  
With rippling waves that sweep the sky.  
The poplars listen, half in fright  
To whispers of a lost delight—  
To songs of joy that still may be;  
Against the sky, half heard to sigh,  
They listen in an ecstasy,  
To glorious gusts of melody.  
And then no longer staid, serene,  
The wind-charmed poplars laugh and dance,  
Each supple form clothed like a queen,  
In glittering gowns of silver sheen.

\* \* \*

## A Mating Song



HEARD it in the woods today,  
A most persistent roundelay,  
Flung from a spring-bird's sturdy  
    throat;  
And each persuasive little note  
Held out such hope, and rang so true  
With faith and fervor. Ah! I knew—  
    A mating song.

Sing out brave bird, and may you fare  
Along love's way with not a care,  
To make you deem the world as wrong;  
I pray that she, all summer long,  
Will sit and preen her glossy wings,  
And listen while her lover sings,  
    His mating song.

THE SONG OF THE WIND AND OTHER POEMS

## A Golden Moon



GOLDEN moon arose tonight—  
O, it was fair to see;  
The reason that it seemed so bright  
My truelove walked with me.

We heard a little nightbird sing  
A perfect melody;  
The song had such a tender ring,  
My true love walked with me,

We passed a rose in matchless bloom,  
How could such beauty be?  
It graced our earthly Paradise,  
My truelove walked with me.

While friends so many passed us by,  
And smiled so graciously;  
Full well, I know the reason why,  
My truelove walked with me.

A golden moon, a nightbird's tune,  
Roses and smiles of glee,  
All life is but a night in June,  
My truelove walks with me.

## Awakening



HE flowers are waking again  
To the soft, tender voice of the  
rain;  
And the fields in their verdure are  
clad---

'Tis a time that the heart should be glad--  
O Father, I'm nearer to Thee  
And more like thy flowers would be,  
Just clad in the lowliest guise  
With my face ever turned to the skies.

## The Path of The Golden Rod

---



OMEHOW, as I sit here dreaming,  
In the late September day,  
My soul, through a lost land glean-  
ing,  
Goes wandering far away;  
And I see, through the mists so golden,  
The paths that my feet have trod;  
As I pause on a by-way, olden—  
The path of the Golden Rod.  
Oh! trend of my idle dreaming,  
What power is it that stirs  
My soul at the vision gleaming  
Of those golden trumpeters?  
That murmur their martial calling  
As the hurrying wind sweeps by;  
Then voice in the echo, falling  
A summery song and sigh.  
Would there reason be for regretting  
If I took to that long lost plain?  
Could I be, all my pride forgetting,  
As simple and true again?  
If through memory's mists all golden,  
On the path of the Golden Rod,  
I could turn to the pleasures olden  
And the faith of a child in God?  
'Tis ever the same old story—  
(The poets will sing it still)  
That the pathway to greatest glory  
winds far over field and hill;  
O'er pathways that wind forever,  
Take me, where the Golden Rod  
Blooms—there can my soul endeavor  
To follow the path to God.

THE SONG OF THE WIND AND OTHER POEMS

**The June-Child**



UNE'S child of dreams, how often, now,  
Beside my own, your footsteps fall,  
  
How often in the nights, alone,  
I hear you call  
  
Oh, babe of many reveries,  
How often on my eager breast,  
I feel your form, that but in dreams,  
    Alone, I've pressed  
June's child of dreams, I would forget—  
But lo! your small hands clutch my heart;  
They give me pain, and falteringly,  
    The great tears start  
Small life, that hardly lived, to die--  
Sweet image that my heart entombed--  
The little budding rose of June  
    That never bloomed

\* \* \*

**A Thought**



Do you feel this thought going out from me?  
    Touching your brow like the wings of a dove,  
  
Or the breath of the wind passing dreamily,  
Sated and blissfully weighted with love.  
  
Is it calling you, calling you, sweetly entralling  
    ing you?  
Does it thrill you, and fill you with love and  
    delight,  
As it passes the roses, and sails like a star  
Out in the mystical depths of the night.

THE SONG OF THE WIND AND OTHER POEMS

## Scatter The Rose's Petals



CATTER the rose's petals—  
See they are wet with dew—  
Laugh as the grey clouds gather  
Over the skies of blue.

Take the last smile I give you,  
I will not smile again;  
Take all the sunshine with you—  
Leave me the mist of pain.

Take the sweet moonlight with you,  
Leave me the gloom of night;  
Let but the faltering shadows  
Creep o'er my saddened sight.  
Go on your bright way singing,  
Down o'er the path of years;  
Take all the life and laughter—  
Leave me the sighs and tears.



## At Sunset



LOW, the valley stretching far  
away,  
In the dim haze of the declining day;  
A sudden hush beneath the solemn  
pines—

A silence that no word of earth defines;  
The chirping of the birds that seek their rest;  
A flood of molten glory in the west;  
A rose-tint on the snow that lingers yet—  
A crimson splendor—and the sun has set.  
And now the twilight shadows drawing 'round,  
Soft steals the night where every heart, has  
found

It's haven-rest, save mine. Beneath the stars,  
That flock like sheep to sunset's closing bars,  
I stand and dream, for sweetest home to me  
Is where my heart is— there I cannot be.

THE SONG OF THE WIND AND OTHER POEMS

## Springtime Will Not Miss Our Promise

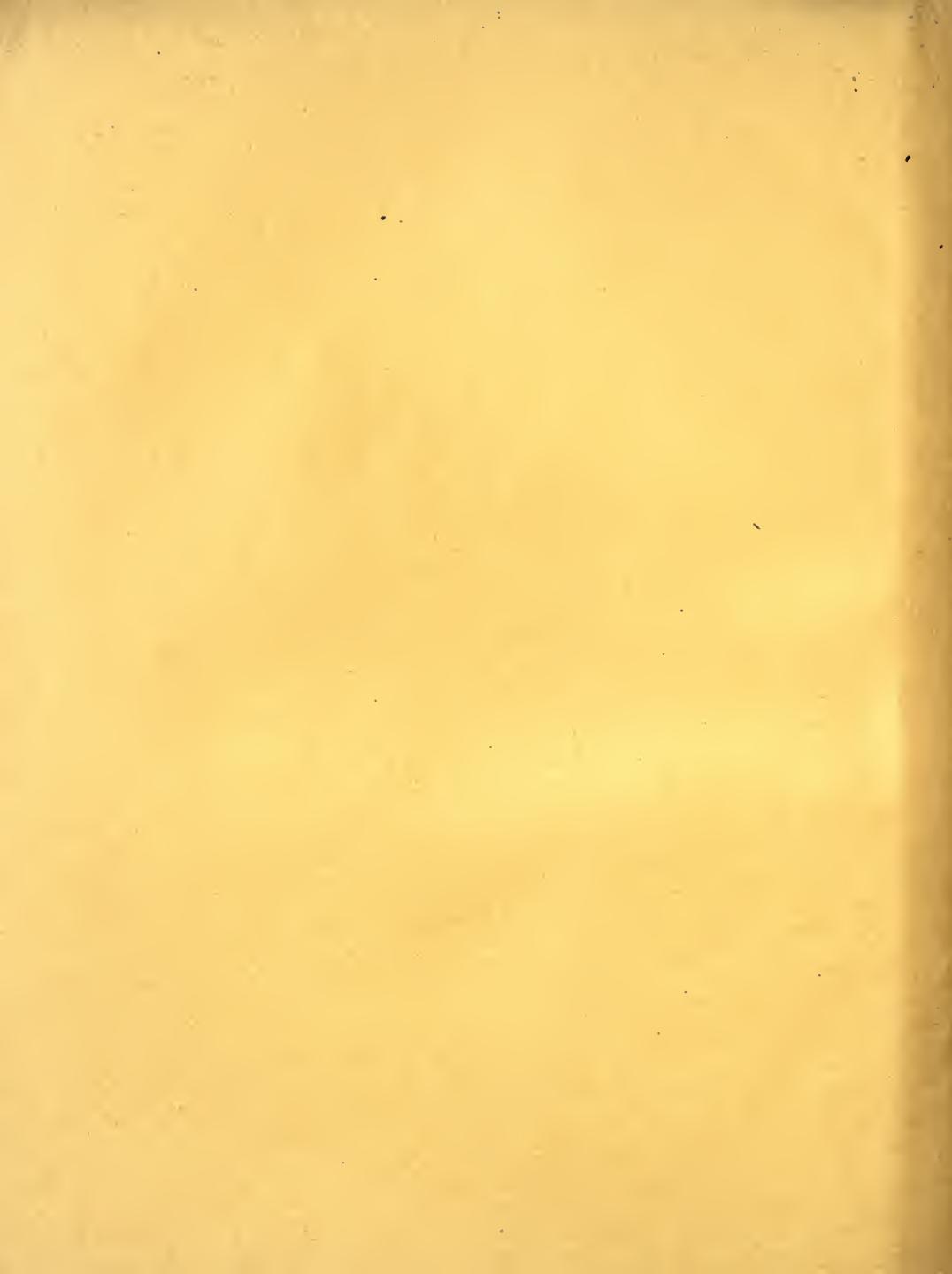
**S**PRINGTIME will not miss our promise,  
'Nor will summer miss our love,  
There will be a world of mating  
And of happiness. The dove  
Will at twilight's tender hour,  
Tell its tale in trees above.  
Flowers will not cease from blooming  
In the ways we do notrove,  
Bending with their weight of sweetness,  
They will grace a world of love,  
While in olden Trysting places,  
All unconsciously will be  
With the stars, and flower-faces,  
Lovers wooing joyously.  
These sweet Seasons will not miss us,  
Let the heart of nature prove—  
Springtime will not miss our promise,  
Nor will summer miss our love.

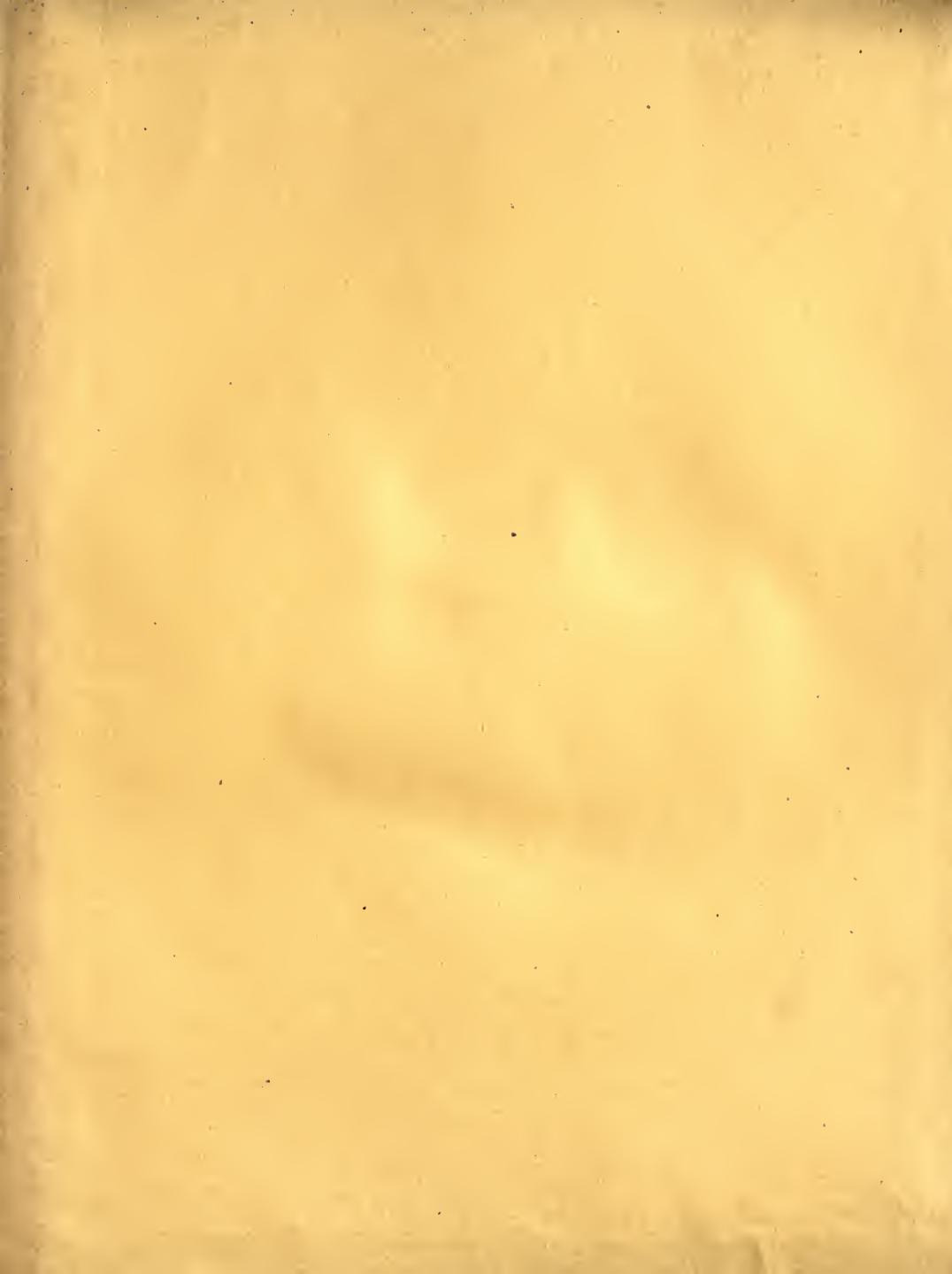














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